And *Iohn* of England now is quite vndone.
Was euer King as I oppreſt with cares?
Dame *Elinor* my noble mother Queene,
My onely hope and comfort in diſtreſſe,
Is dead, and England Excommunicate,
And I am interdicted by the Pope,
All Churches curſt, their dores are ſealed vp,
And for the pleaſure of the Romiſh Prieſt,
The ſeruice of the Higheſt is neglected,
The multitude (a beaſt of many heads)
Doe wiſh confuſion to their ſoueraigne;
The Nobles blinded with abitions fumes,
Aſſemble powers to beate mine Empire downe,
And more than this, elect a forreine King.
O England, wert thou euer miſerable,
King *Iohn* of England ſees thee miſerable:
Iohn, tis thy ſinnes that makes it miſerable,
Quicquid delirunt Reges plectuntur Achiui.
Philip, as thou haſt euer lou'd thy King,
So ſhow it now: poſt to S. *Edmunds-Bury*,
Diſſemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,
Confound their diuiliſh plots and damn'd deuiſes.
Though Iohn be faultie, yet let ſubiects beare,
He will amend and right the peoples wrongs.
A mother though ſhe were vnnaturall,
Is better then the kindeſt ſtep-dame is:
Let neuer Engliſhman truſt forreine rule.
Then *Philip* ſhew thy fealty to the King,
And mongs the Nobles plead thou for the King.

Baſt. I goe my Lord: ſee how he is diſtraught,
This is the curſed Prieſt of Italy
Hath heap'd theſe miſchiefes on this hapleſſe Land.
Now *Philip*, hadſt thou *Tullies* eloquence,
Then mightſt thou hope to plead with good ſucceſſe.

Ioh. And art thou gone? ſucceſſe may follow thee:
Thus haſt thou ſhew'd thy kindneſſe to the King.

Sirra,

Sirra, in haſt goe greet the Cardinall,
Pandulph I meane, the Legat from the Pope.
Say that the King deſires to ſpeake with him.
Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maiſt reſolue:
And if thou wilt continue Englands King,
Then caſt about to keepe thy Diademe;
For life and land, and all is leuel'd at.
The Pope of Rome, tis he that is the cauſe,
He curſeth thee, he ſets thy ſubiects free
From due obedience to their Soueraigne:
He animates the Nobles in their warres,
He giues away the Crown to *Philips* ſonne,
And pardons all that ſeeke to murther thee:
And thus blind zeale is ſtill predominant.
Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,
But finely to diſſemble with the Pope:
That hand that gaue the wound muſt giue the ſalue,
To cure the hurt, elſe quite incurable.
Thy ſinnes are farre too great to be the man
T'aboliſh Pope, and Popery from thy Realme:
But in thy ſeate, if I may gueſſe at all.
A King ſhall raigne, that ſhall ſuppreſſe them all.
Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
Diſſemble thou, and whatſoere thou ſai'ſt,
Yet with thy heart wiſh their confuſion.

Enter Pandulph.

Pan. Now *Iohn*, vnworthy man to breath on earth,
That do'ſt oppugne againſt thy mother Church:
Why am I ſent for to thy curſed ſelfe?

Ioh. Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
The holy Vicar of *S. Peters* Church,
Vpon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,
And doe ſubmit me to the ſea of Rome,
And vow for penance of my high offence,